The Sketch

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VERONICA DOFFS HER PEEK-A-BOO BANG.

VERONICA LAKE *views the game with both clear eyes in the new Paramount film, "So Proudly We Hail," due shortly for its Plaza première. Her irresistible peek-a-boo bang has gone, and her forehead is free, for her part is that of a U.S. Army nurse. Her co-nurses are Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard; the venue Bataan and Corregidor.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

How True! Just think this over in your quiet hour. "No hard and fast line can be drawn between cyclical and structural (or for that matter seasonal) changes in industry. Though it is convenient to speak as if they could be isolated from each other for separate treatment, in practice it is hard to decide where one ends and the other begins. Each has a bearing on the volume of the country's capital equipment, and indirectly, therefore, on the annual rate of capital investment. Since the stabilisation of the flow of capital investment is the point of departure of most plans for maintaining employment, this interdependence of cyclical and structural changes of activity raises some important questions of day-to-day policy."

"Can I interest you in selling me a vacuum cleaner?"

DRAWN BY CHURCHILL.

Mis-spent Youth. This is not from a textbook on political economy, but from the daily Press; and I am expected to understand it as an ordinary "intelligent" newspaper reader. Which proves (as I had long suspected) that I am not intelligent, because I do not understand it at all, and I could not, for all the gold of Ophir, give you a clear explanation of the difference between cyclical, structural and seasonal changes in industry and their effects upon capital investment, nor yet upon Diminishing Returns nor the Trade Cycle nor the Bank Rate. And all this confirms another corroding suspicion which has long been growing in my mind—namely, that my education has been deplorably neglected. It is the grim fact that they taught me nothing at school which enables me to read the City columns of a newspaper—much less an elementary treatise on economics—with anything but bewilderment.

Hard-Boiled. I suppose it is all different nowadays. I see that Mr. Herbert Morrison believes that it would be a great advance in democracy for everybody to have the same elementary education. Uniformity, it would seem, is the supreme ideal; whereas some of us had been brought up to believe that one of the things which democracy most cherished was diversity. If you want uniformity at its highest and hardest, you can find it in all the totalitarian states. In them, you are according to the standard pattern, or you are nothing; in fact, you are less than nothing, because you are probably dead. "What we want from education," says Mr. Morrison, "is a set of young people mentally hard-boiled." The metaphor is interesting. We desire our young citizens to be good eggs, but I never knew before that being hard-boiled was the sign of a good egg. I thought that the hard egg had lost a good deal of nourishment. I am certain that it has lost most of its flavour. And I am not sure that it is very digestible. I would invite Mr. Morrison to think again about the sort of eggs on which this nation is likely to thrive—when it can get any eggs.

Symptomatic.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Learning Without Tears. But school altogether is going to be a very different place from what it once was, and I begin to perceive that the comparatively enlightened school at which I was soft-boiled was little better than Dotheboys Hall under the régime of Mr. Wackford Squeers. I have just been reading a glowing account of a school where there are "no examinations and no punishments, and children who have completed the three-year course and want to do something else may do so." Of course, no canes, and therein I concur, for I have never believed in canes since I saw a master lose his temper and hit a boy in the face with a cane. But I think there is a good deal of nonsense talked about the "tyranny of examinations." They *can* be a tyranny, and a very stupid one, if they are made the be-all and end-all. And, of course, they are very imperfect tests. But everybody who is any good at his job is, throughout his life, meeting with imperfect tests of ready knowledge. It is my experience that those who have a soul above examinations are not usually very good at other tests of character, nerve and aptitude.

"But, Sir—they often put funny pictures on the front of aeroplanes!"

DRAWN BY JAYCOT.

Press the Button. However, it seems probable that one of these days we shall be able to do without schools altogether.

TWELVE OLD LETTERS MAKE A CASE FOR CARTRIDGES. TURN YOURS OUT.

The triumphant machine is going to provide all the needs of our education. Somebody has invented a marvel called the Synchrophone, which is "a combination of two sets of apparatus rather like a gramophone and a magic lantern." In short, it is a gramophone lecture with pictures. All wisdom is to be obtained by merely pressing a button. Lessons can be given in any language on any subject. This was sure to happen. It seems to me to solve all the problems about the future of the schools. You have only got to hire a few really expert teachers and the entire community can be educated in the home circle, without bothering about schools at all. The saving to the public and private purse will be enormous, and we shall be rid of all this fuss about the Old School Tie. Whether the results will be sufficiently hard-boiled for Mr. Morrison I do not know, but here is his standardised education all machine-made, and he ought to rejoice in it.

Practice Makes Perfect. Meanwhile, until this happy era is inaugurated, I suppose we must go on considering the old problem of what to do with our boys and girls. I gather that some of them are already sufficiently hard-boiled to satisfy even the Home Secretary. I think my own most hard-boiled moment at school was when I smoked my first cigar. It must have been a remarkable piece of tobacco, for it cost threepence, and I remember that it bore a striking head of Napoléon on the band. It was truly Napoleonic in strategy, and there was no need for any punishment, for I then and there learned the old lesson that if you sin, you suffer. The same thing seems to have happened to the four hard-boiled young French Canadians who puffed long cigars in the presence of Mr. Churchill. The following day, while on the bed of pain which was their Nemesis, they received a box of *Sweets* (ah, cruel irony !) with an unsigned message: "*L'art vient par la pratique.*" Thus boys grow wiser every day, learning that what is *pratique* for a Prime Minister is not necessarily *pratique* for the young and tender.

The Young Idea.

But to return to careers—it is high time that our schools and universities began to give some instruction in the elements of scientific crime. This will undoubtedly be one of the careers with a great future in the post-war world, and if our police are now recruited from all the Best Brains, why not our criminals too ? The other day a man charged with burglary pleaded that he only did it to get enough money to pay his income tax. Now, that is a situation which may face any of us at any time, and nobody can say that the motive is not patriotic ; but how many of us are really trained in the use of the jemmy and the oxy-acetylene lamp ? How many of us, let loose in a bank or a safe deposit, would know how to use our opportunities for furthering the war effort ? Then again, to speak for myself, if I were confronted with a quantity of stearic acid (which is really mutton fat), wax and petrolatum, I should probably use it, if I used it at all, to polish my shoes or the furniture—and I understand that this is what it is really intended for. It would never occur to me that, with a little ingenuity, I could compound it into an alluring cosmetic, which I could make for 4*d.* and sell for 2*s.* Through sheer ignorance, I should lose a large fortune. A really practical education would implant these instincts in the budding mind.

The Great Inane.

The subject of crime leads, by a natural transition, to the subject of song-writing. Here is another very promising opening in which early education might be a great help. For example, it is a constant problem in education what to do with our mental defectives. To judge by the things I sometimes hear on the wireless, I should say that there are big careers for them in song-writing. That is the impression I formed recently when, temporarily bedridden, I looked to the radio for relief of tedium. Every experiment sent my temperature up, and I could not have believed that such consistent inanity could have been matched by such

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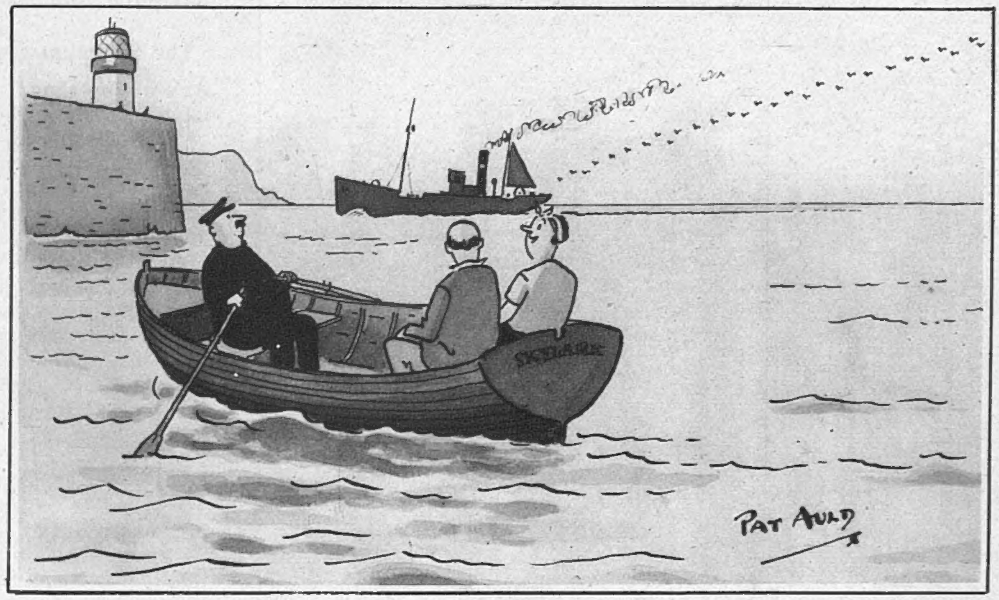


"I suppose that's what you call a queue-boat ?"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

"H'm ! Well, if the men are anxious to keep the sight-screens, I s'pose there's no objection. But see to it that they're thoroughly camouflaged."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Continued.]

nerve-shattering noises. I do not wonder that a learned Lord Justice recently told counsel that he could use any epithet he liked about a certain radio script. I read that some of our prisoners of war are making reputations as song-writers. Anything which will solace monotony is allowable to captives; but while prisoners of war may or may not be good song-writers, it is certain that a good many song-writers ought to be prisoners of war.

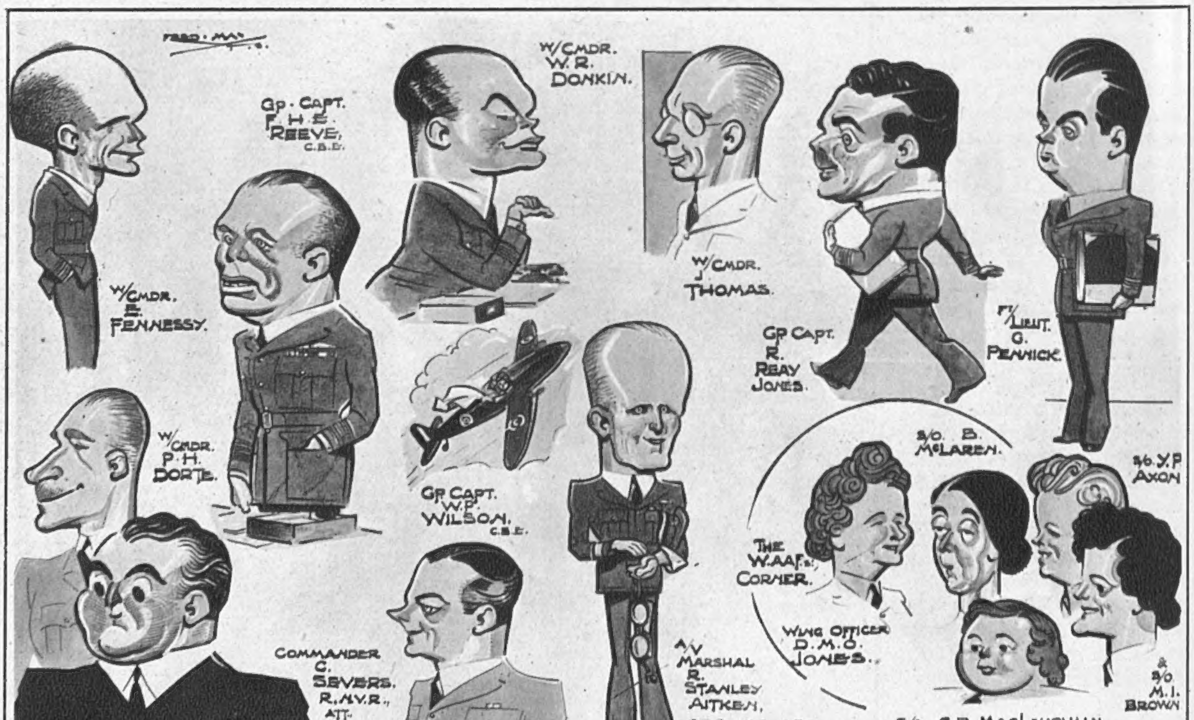
"Mother, will it *never* occur to you that I am no longer a child?" (DRAWN BY BRETTELL.)

The Higher Mothercraft. Careers for our girls are always difficult, but this war has made it clear that there are golden opportunities in Advanced Domestic Economy, or what may be called the Higher Mothercraft. You will find in the Army to-day women who are acting as mothers to families of thousands. Some of them are out in the East, from Dan to Beersheba, inviting all ranks to bring their personal problems and challenging them to think up a real teaser in domestic relations. We had nothing like that in the last war. If mother-in-law wasn't getting on with the wife, they just had to fight it out, and if the course of true love wasn't running smooth, it just had to run rough. When pain and sorrow wrung the brow, there were no ministering angels for us poor Old Contemptibles. Now there are whole bands of angels. This should be a permanent profession; and what an opportunity for early training in the Humanities! Splendid training, too; I don't say that a woman who has mothered about 10,000 soldiers is necessarily qualified to handle a husband and, say, three children, but at least she ought to have the groundwork.

The Spectrum. The more artistic of our girls will naturally receive instruction in the subtleties of *robes et modes*. Any notion that I may once have entertained that those subtleties have been diminished by Austerity is dispelled when I read accounts of this season's prevailing colours. I stand in awe before a whole gamut (or spectrum) of cedar green, caramel, beechnut, brickdust, tide green, Atlantic, cascade, carib, vogue, mist beige, Newmarket and gunmetal. I think I know green when I see it, but how could any untrained eye distinguish between cedar green, tide green and Atlantic? When it comes to cascade, carib, vogue and Newmarket, nobody without an elaborate education could even venture a guess at these *nuances*. Well, well, it is nice to know that Utility has not entirely destroyed the finer things of life. If I only had enough coupons, I should love to try a suit in beechnut, with brickdust stripes, but I fear the effect might be somewhat Newmarket, and Silver Ring at that.

Turning Night Into Day. The black-out is upon us once more, and certain Members of Parliament are asking whether it need be quite so Stygian. It seems rather premature to be lighting the lamps yet, but it will be a glad day, or night, when we are able to emerge from the tunnel. Owls that we have become, shall we all go blinking about and regretting the good old days when it was so nice and restful in the dark? Or shall we, after the first shock, take it all for granted? Visitors to America say that after a few moments of dazzlement under the sky-signs, one forgets that there was ever a reign of Chaos and Old Night. The great thrill, to me, will be to leave the curtains undrawn without committing a crime. It will take a long time to get rid of that haunting sense of guilt and the fear of the accusing voice, "Put out that light!" I'm going to get a searchlight and play it on every passing policeman, to get a little of my own back.

Back to Nature. I have been expecting it for a long time. One of our minor prophets now advocates grass as health-giving diet. He recommends a breakfast of mixed clover and grass, but he also advises the uninitiated to "go slow at first." I propose to follow his advice and go very slow indeed.



Here we have a GROUP—*in every sense of the word, of the* ROYAL AIR FORCE—*whose scientific knowledge in connection with radio-location is an important contribution to the successful defence of this country. Air Vice-Marshal R. S. Aitken is the Air Officer Commanding.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

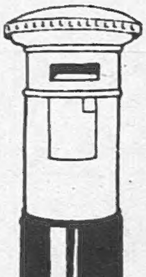
The seventy-first of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"BLIMEY! AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THE BAG—SNAKES?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The Linnet has passed her finals and is now a State Registered Nurse. When she was a small, pink baby, lying in her cradle, I used, as Mothers will, to plan careers for her. Anything from a ballet dancer to a Member of Parliament seemed possible and even probable, but I never thought of a State Registered Nurse. Which just shows Fate always has a surprise up her sleeve for you. The Linnet says she never thought of a State Registered Nurse either; the War thought of it for her.

The Linnet was so gloomy about her chances, and told Charles of so many frightful mistakes she had made in her exam., that we began to be quite anxious about the result, and it was a great relief to us both when she rang up, stammering and choking with excitement, to say she had passed.

"I feel like Christian when the load fell off his back!" she shouted.

"I'm sure you do, darling," I said, holding the receiver a little farther away from my ear.

This was obviously an occasion for celebrating, and leaving undone a great deal I ought to have done, I mounted the bus and the Linnet met me in our Cathedral City with a beaming smile. We went off and had the biggest tea that Lord Woolton allowed us. "I feel just as though I were taking you out at Half Term, Linnet," I said. "It is almost impossible to realise that you are a married woman."

The Linnet arose from her chair with a shriek. "I've forgotten to send Philip a cable to say I've passed!" she cried, and rushed from the Olde Tea Shoppe.

"Bathing a very small baby in a basin."

She came back later a little subdued, having failed to send her cable. Apparently, if you are in one sort of army in the Middle East you can have cables sent to you, but if you are in another you can't. It all seemed rather confusing, but nothing daunted the Linnet for long that afternoon, and she dragged me off to the Hospital to see her new uniform.

I was relieved to find that in spite of State Registration there was a familiar disorder about the Linnet's bedroom. The new uniform was blue, and brought out the colour of her eyes. It was nice, but I must say I shall be glad when there is plenty of starch and Nurses can go back to their white aprons again. The Linnet took a neat little white bow and put it under her chin and pinned the strings on the top of her head. I watched, entranced. Then she took a square of white cambric, put it on the floor, folded it this way and that, and put it also upon her head, and fastened it at the sides with kirby-grips.

"How's that?" she said.

I looked at my daughter. Her eyelashes seemed even longer than usual, little tendrils of hair curled up over the edge of her cap, and the bow under her chin gave a piquant, and at the same time touching, effect.

"I think you look sweet, Linnet."

"Then why are you crying, you silly little thing?" said the Linnet, sitting down beside me on her bed.

"It's all turned out so different from what we'd planned for you," I said, and a tear dripped off the end of my nose. "We meant you to go to Paris, and then be Presented, and then go and stay with Uncle James, and here you are a State Registered Nurse."

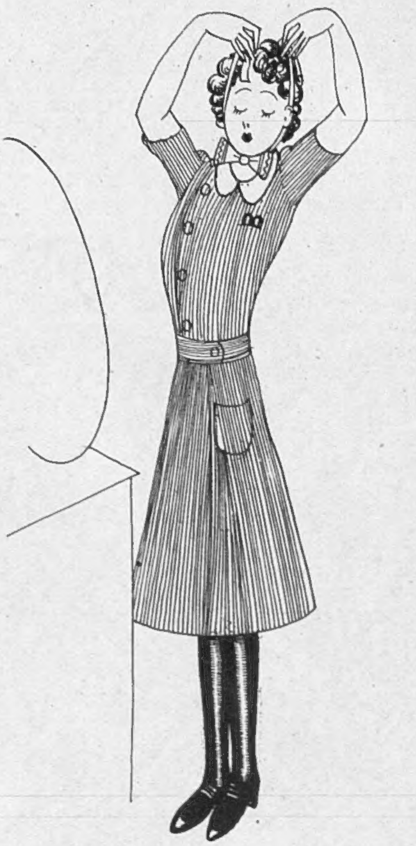
"It's not such a bad thing to be—a State Registered Nurse," said the Linnet, stroking my hand.

"It's a *wonderful* thing to be, Linnet. That's why I'm crying."

"You are funny," said the Linnet. "Now come and see Ivan Trickey."

The Babies' Ward was open to the sky all down one side, and the afternoon sun lay in a golden bar across the floor. Several small children who were out of bed began shouting, "Nurse Linnet! Nurse Linnet!", and ran and clasped her round the knees. A very young Nurse who, with limpid brown eyes above her mask, looked as seductive as any Eastern lady in a yashmak, was bathing a very small baby in a basin. The baby was yelling and showing toothless gums.

"Isn't she adorable?" said the little Nurse.



"Pinned the string on top of her head."

"She doesn't seem very ill, does she?"

"She was. She's going out to-morrow, worse luck," said the little Nurse with a sigh.

The Linnet led me round the ward. Some of the children were playing happily, but some of them lay very quietly in their cots—too quietly, and I reflected, not for the first time, that sick children and cats with mice were two of the Almighty's inscrutable ways which took a bit of explaining.

"There's Ivan Trickey," said the Linnet proudly.

Ivan Trickey was sitting up in his cot. His face was covered with a white lotion and his head was shaved. What hair he had appeared to be pale pink, and his arms were in splints to stop him scratching.

"I love him so much," said the Linnet in a strangled voice, "that I'd like to adopt him."

"Darling," I said, "if you're really going to have four of your own, do you think it would be wise? I mean, school bills and all that. Besides, his mother probably loves him."

"She'd be mad if she didn't," said the Linnet.

Ivan Trickey gave me a long, searching look, then laid his head on his knees and wept as though his heart were breaking.

I was horrified, but the Linnet said, "He only wants his supper. He's terribly greedy."

In the last bed was a child twitching and snoring, its head on a mackintosh sheet. The Linnet said it looked like a head injury and must have been admitted while she was off duty. Outside in the corridor was the Mother, crying. I wanted to take her hand and say, "Don't worry. This is a lovely ward, and they'll do all they can for your baby. The Nurses are kind. This one with the curly hair is my daughter, and she loves children. She was a child herself only a short time ago." I wanted to say it more than anything else in the world, Robert, but could I? No. My tongue clove (or is it cleaved?) to the roof of my mouth and I stood there goggling till the Linnet led me away, and now I have another Grinding Regret to chew over when I wake in the night.

"His arms were in splints."

When I got home I found Charles deeply gratified by a letter from Bill's Colonel. "The boy's not doing at all badly," he said, handing me the letter.

It was a lovely letter and I glowed with pride as I read it. "Haven't we got nice children, Charles?" I said.

I wanted him to say, "Yes, darling. It's because you brought them up so beautifully." But all he said was, "Some people strike lucky with their children and some don't."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

FALLA, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DOG, *accompanied his master to Quebec for the Conference. He faced a battery of cameras with cool detachment.*

AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

WHEN President Roosevelt went to Quebec to take part in the important war conferences with Mr. Churchill and the Allied Nations' Chiefs of Staff, he was accompanied by Mr. Harry Hopkins, Mr. Stephen Early, his White House secretary, Miss Grace Tully, his personal secretary, and Vice-Admiral Wilson Brown, his A.D.C. His dog, the "Scottie," Falla, came too, and had his share of the limelight.

These CANADIAN "MOUNTIES" *made friends with Falla, the President's dog, when he visited Quebec with his master.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

A VERY young scientist I know, a fourteen-year-old boy by the name of Smith, has an odd hobby. In all the hours he can spare from dissecting frogs and combining combustible elements, he goes to see Technicolor pictures. He goes to see no other pictures. He does not like pictures. He rarely likes Technicolor pictures. But he studies them gloomily, morosely, in the interests of pure science. He will dissert for hours on the possibilities and demerits of Technicolor productions. I often suspect him of having a patent for Smithicolor up his sleeve.

My young friend's fascinated concentration on colour pictures is rare. It is also prophetic. I have a fancy that the time will come when the industry will have to "go all-colour," just as it "went all-talkie," if it is to survive the competition of television in the home. Smith, by the way, should be just about the right age by then to give us the benefit of his researches.

The more Smiths there are in the world, the better for the cinema. The trouble with colour is, not that it is generally not liked, but that it is generally not noticed. The advertisers of Technicolor pictures keep on telling us that it is "glorious," "vivid," "stirring," and I don't know what else; but the public just doesn't seem to care. If a good film is in black-and-white, they go to it and enjoy it. If a good film is in Technicolor—stirring or otherwise—they go to it and enjoy it just the same. They may remark afterwards that the colour is "lovely." But you very seldom hear people say, "It 's too bad it wasn't in colour." Colour doesn't seem to bring them in, and it doesn't seem to keep them out.

Nevertheless, there has been a penetration of colour into the cinema during the past four or five years that historians, as well as scientists, would do well to note. Technicolor has invaded the musical field so gradually, and yet so irrevocably, that it seems outmoded now, almost amateur, to have such films in black-and-white. It has to be a really exceptional piece, an out-and-outer, like "Holiday Inn," to dress and shoot its sets without benefit of colour and get away with it. The musical show, staged and composed to present a series of kaleidoscopic pictures to the eye, seems to demand colour as part of the fixings. It glories in the sometimes excessive gloriousness of Technicolor. It can go all red in one scene, and all blue in another, and all pastel in a third, without ever trespassing outside the show's legitimate framework.

Twentieth Century-Fox, who have gone in for "musicals" in a big way, are probably the boldest and most successful experimenters in this field. In "My Gal Sal," in "Hello, 'Frisco, Hello," in all the long series of simple-hearted gambols with Betty Grable, they have revelled shamelessly in colour. Sometimes their colours scream. Sometimes, one feels, they are meant to. Colour is used, not only as a soothing accompaniment, but as a clamant emphasis. It is not always tastefully used, but it is being used more and more to a deliberate dramatic end.

"CONEY ISLAND" (Odeon) is the latest of the Grable series, and from the colour point of view—*pace* Smith's verdict—the best. It is a pretty good, lighthearted entertainment by any standards, set back in the "costume" days when most of us were in our perambulators. Betty Grable, much slimmer than she used to be, has the dear old rôle of the saloon singer with "class." She doesn't know she has class, so she wriggles too much, performs in shows unpatronised by the carriage trade, and wears too many canary feathers. Joe Rocco (Cesar Romero), who loves her, doesn't know she has class either. But his rival and one-time partner, Eddie Johnson (George Montgomery), does. In an intuitive flash of showmanship, he chains her up so that she can't wriggle, rips off all but one of the canary feathers, grooms her for stardom, and is finally justified in his flair when she appears as the bright, particular toast of Broadway.

You may think that Miss Grable chooses the wrong man to marry, but that won't spoil your pleasure in the film's frank spectacle—that is, of course, if you like frank spectacles. Stage patterns are an integral part of the scheme, and Technicolor has rarely been used so skilfully to point up the design of solo dance and ensemble. There is one scene in particular, male chorus in evening dress, black cloaks lined with swirling scarlet, that is startling in its simplicity. Too bad they should have let Miss Grable loose on the prospect in a gown of rather bilious lime-green.

"MR. LUCKY" (London Pavilion) presents Cary Grant's eyebrows, Cary Grant's hands, Cary Grant's bold, black eyes, Cary Grant's charm, Cary Grant's chin, and Cary Grant. If these things satisfy you, it 's a lovely day at the Pavilion. Mr. Grant appears as a gambler, a master gambler, *bien entendu*, who is obviously sound at heart, but has not quite oriented himself towards this war. He cheats the Army Board with a dead man's draft card. He takes on the dead man's identity. He attaches himself to a charitable organisation known as War Relief Inc. He persuades War Relief Inc. to give him the gambling concessions for their big Benefit Night. He plans to rob War Relief Inc. of fifty grand. In the end, the fifty grand, all stained with Mr. Grant's heart's blood, comes back to War Relief. But he pulls through. I told you he was sound at heart. He pulls through, and sails in his own gambling ship with medical supplies for anguished Europe.

This happy reformation is brought about by several things: (1) Miss Laraine Day, assistant to the lady head of War Relief Inc.; (2) a letter from occupied Greece, read to Mr. Grant with obbligato from a celestial choir; (3) Mr. Grant's aptitude in learning to knit; (4) the persuasive influence of the music-track, which follows Mr. Grant about from scene to scene. It wails, sobs, canoodles, coaxes, with pleading passages from the strings, until he breaks down and embraces virtue with crescendo rising to full orchestra.

An odd Russian film called "MASQUERADE" has turned up at the Tatler, something of a museum piece, and strangely remote from the functionalism of the modern mood. It is based on a tragic nineteenth-century poem by Mikhail Lermontov, and

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard; Anton Walbrook; Athene Seyler; Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

**Ambassadors: "SWEET AND LOW." Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—Robert Donat Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne.

***Duke of York's: "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX." 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

*Garrick: "LIVING ROOM." Esther McCracken's third. Louise Hampton and Jane Baxter.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

*Haymarket: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

**Hippodrome: "THE LISBON STORY." Play with music.

*Lyric: "FLYING COLOURS" Revue. Binnie Hale; Douglas Byng; Jackie Hunter.

**Palace: "HI-DE-HI." Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

*Palladium: "VARIETY COMES BACK." Max Miller; Maurice Colleano; Billy Cotton's Band, etc.

*Piccadilly: "SUNNY RIVER." Musical play with Edith Day, Evelyn Laye, Dennis Noble.

*Playhouse: "MR. BOLFRY." New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

*Princes: "MAGIC CARPET." Musical extravaganza; with Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done; Michael Redgrave, Nora Swinburne, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

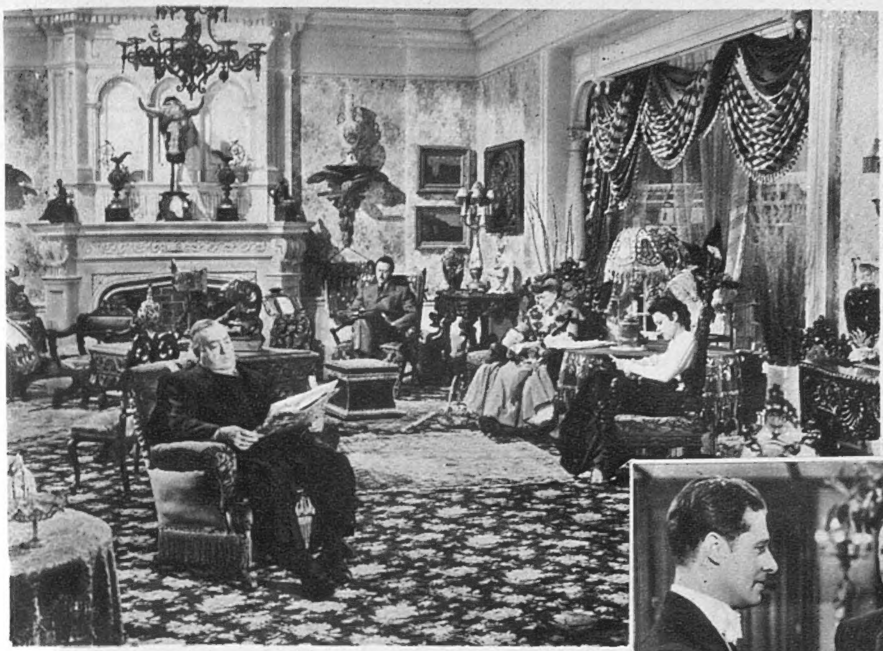
**Vaudeville: "LOTTIE DUNDASS." Unusual thriller with Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike.

*Whitehall: "THE MOON IS DOWN." John Steinbeck's book dramatised. Lewis Casson, Karel Stepanek, Carla Lehmann.

**Winter Garden: "IT 'S TIME TO DANCE." Musical with Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, Elsie Randolph.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.



"Heaven Can Wait" (Gaumont, Haymarket and Marble Arch Pavilion) is autobiography in 20th Century-Fox Technicolor. An old American meat baron, Henry van Cleeve, goes back on his life, starting straight with his birth in 1872. Those were the days for fun in a U.S.-Victorian setting. L. to r.: Mr. Strabel (EUGENE PALLETTE); *Albert van Cleeve* (ALLYN JOSLYN); *Mrs. Strabel* (MARJORIE MAIN); *and Martha* (GENE TIERNEY).

Henry van Cleeve (DON AMECHE) *as a young man, loves at first sight when Albert* (ALLYN JOSLYN) *introduces his fiancée Martha* (GENE TIERNEY).

is about the unfounded jealousy that finally drove a man to poison his wife. There are powerful hints of social indignation in it, the poet, or his modern film interpreter, obviously having been grieved by the heedless attitude of the nobility towards their fellows. But on the whole it is an exhibition piece, archaic in manner and deliberately postured in acting and technique. It talks too much, but there are moments that are extraordinarily impressive in the grand style. You should probably train for it.

Sara, arriving from Germany with her husband Kurt, and family, Babette (JANIS WILSON), *Joshua* (DONALD BUKA), *and Bodo* (ERIC ROBERTS), *greets brother David.*

"THE FOUR FEATHERS" (Empire) is a reissue of one of the most smashing of our pre-war box-office successes. It comes at the right moment, I fancy, when these bold, simple-hearted, patriotic heroics just touch off the public mood. And it will do the modern generation no harm to realise that we were doing quite a lot of good work in this country right back in those dim old days before Munich.

The film is based, of course, on A. E. W. Mason's thirty-year-old novel, with a new script by R. C. Sherriff. The period, you may remember, is the 1890's, when all the world was talking about the murder of General Gordon. The hero (John Clements) is a Lieutenant in the Surreys who resigns his commission in a panic the day before his regiment sails for active service. When his three friends in the regiment send him white feathers, and the girl he is engaged to adds another, he goes secretly out to the Sudan to atone for that temporary blind-spot in his courage. Disguised as a native, with his imagination working at fever-heat, he does the most stupidly, splendidly heroic things, and proves himself as good a soldier as any one of them.

I doubt if John Clements has ever done anything better on the screen than this study of a sensitive man who learns to conquer fear. And as if one outstanding performance were not enough, the film prodigally offers us two. Ralph Richardson is also in the cast as Durrance, the soldier who goes sun-blind in the desert. This always seemed to me the best character in the book, and it remains the show-part on the screen. Mr. Richardson plays it on the grand scale, using the full range of that wonderful voice of his, sparing himself and the audience nothing.

"WATCH ON THE RHINE" (Warner's and Regal) is almost as good as seeing the play—if you like seeing a play when you go to the pictures. Lillian Hellman, the author, has made her own screen adaptation, with her collaborator, Dashiel Hammett, and this is one time that few people are going to object that the screen has taken liberties. A good, solid acting cast, headed by Bette Davis, Paul Lukas, George Coulouris and Lucile Watson, do Miss Hellman's pertinent lines proud. The story, you'll remember, is about an anti-Nazi leader, a refugee German, who comes back with his wife and children to the wife's mother's home in America. A disreputable cad of a house-guest betrays the man to the Nazi party, and the nice, comfortable American family finds itself facing, for the first time, the facts of death and treachery.

The whole point of the play lies in its contrast between the bitter wisdom of the old world, and the candid innocence of the new, and Miss Hellman makes no secret of the fact that she brings her fellow-countrymen a message of warning. It is very much to her credit that she manages to do this without any hortatory speeches or any special manifestation of violence. "Watch on the Rhine" is an effective piece precisely because it is a quiet piece. It assumes, which is gratifying, a certain adult response from the audience. Except for a scene or two in which Miss Davis is allowed to shy and roll her eyes like a startled racehorse, it has all its emotions well under control.

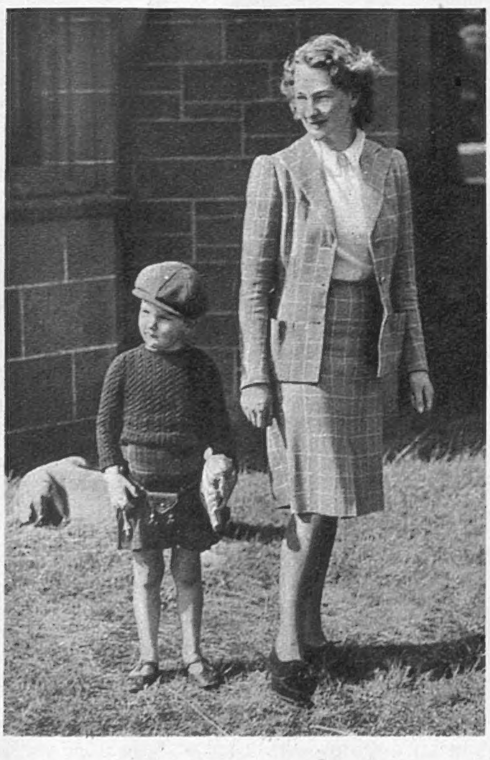
Warner Bros. have filmed "Watch on the Rhine" (Warner Theatre and Regal). Kurt is found to be a pro-German agent spying in his wife's country. L. to r.: Teck de Brancovis (GEORGE COULOURIS); *David Farrelly* (DONALD WOODS); *Sara Muller* (BETTE DAVIS); *Fanny Farrelly* (LUCILE WATSON); *Kurt Muller* (PAUL LUKAS).

Lord Lyell goes for a ride on his dapple-grey rocking-horse.

WIDOW AND SON OF THE

THESE studies of LADY LYELL, widow of Captain Lord Lyell, V.C., Scots Guards, who was posthumously awarded the highest decoration for gallantry in recognition of his outstanding courage, leadership and self-sacrifice in the attack on Djebel Bou Arada on April 27, were taken at Kinnordy, Angus, her Scottish home. She was Miss Sophie Trafford, is a daughter of Major Sigismund W. J. Trafford, and married Lord Lyell in 1938. Her little son, Charles, was born in 1939 and now succeeds his father as third Baron and third Baronet. The family motto is "*Forte non ignavo*" ("To the

LADY LYELL *and the young* LORD LYELL *on the terrace of Kinnordy.*



Off for a stroll round the policies: Lord Lyell and his mother.

In the hall at Kinnordy, showing the elaborately carved great staircase with a Chinese lacquer chair on the landing.

Playtime at Kinnordy : a charming study.

The garden steps, leading down by one of the "pepper-pot" towers.

DJEBEL BOU ARADA V.C.

brave, not to the dastardly "), and could hardly be more appropriate. Last week a further tribute to Lord Lyell was issued in the statement in regard to the gallantry of Lance-Sergeant James Robertson, who followed him in the last gallant charge and also lost his life. It was stated that this man held Lord Lyell in the highest esteem and that he followed him to his death "proudly and willingly in that heroic charge" which was to accomplish so much for the rest of the company. It succeeded in opening the way for the Scots Guards company's advance, with the result that its objective was taken.

By the fireplace in the drawing-room, with its old blue and white Dutch tiles.

"Football's going to be my game!" Young Lord Lyell in action.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS ENID BAGNOLD (Lady Jones): For making a first-rate thriller from her thwarted ambition.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

Lady Jones with her second son, Richard, left, Timothy, the eldest, centre, and Laurian, her daughter; and some of the farm animals—Minnie and Henrietta the goats, Primrose the cow, and George the gander.

Farmyard procession, with Bunny the Peke.

"LOTTIE DUNDASS," MISS ENID BAGNOLD'S successful thriller at the Vaudeville, is of amusingly personal origin. In 1939, Lady Juliet Duff being ill, Miss Bagnold deputised at short notice during the run of Mr. Cecil Beaton's revue "Heil! Cinderella," at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. She enjoyed it so much, and entered into the affair with such zest, that when Lady Juliet returned to the cast things fell very flat for her chagrined understudy, who found it a direct incentive to murder and said so! Someone suggested she should write a play round the incident, and "Lottie Dundass" is the result, with Ann Todd playing the understudy who, insanely confident of her own genius and to further her ambition, murders the lead. Miss Bagnold is the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, has a family of three sons and one daughter. Timothy, the eldest, is now in a Guards regiment. Their farm at Rottingdean, with a great variety of animals, is managed almost entirely by Lady Jones herself.

MISS LAURIAN JONES *pets the charmingly unaggressive gander George. Lizz the French bulldog and Bunny's inquisitive nose are in the picture too.*

Right: Tea in the kitchen: Lady Cynthia Asquith is on the left and Tucker, Lady Jones's youngest son, right.

"FLIGHT."

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY C. T. BAKER, A.R.P.S.

In a split second of time the photographer catches the effortless ease and grace of a girl at the top of an aerial leap. The "snap" might almost have been called "Air-borne." Other camera-pictures from the Royal Photographic Society's eighty-eighth exhibition are reproduced in the three pages following.

C

"STALLION."

ARRESTED MOVEMENT AT THE R.P.S.

This splendid haute école study of a stallion and that of the two reel-dancing girls on the right lay great emphasis on the dramatic value of movement in photography and the necessity of "snap closure" in choosing the psychological moment to snatch the fleeting pose. What live pictures they make! They are on view at the eighty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, 16, Prince's Gate, which was due to be opened on

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. G. RIGO DE RIGHI.

"KILTIE GIRLS."

September 6 by King Peter of Yugoslavia, on the ninetieth anniversary of its foundation. The show includes, as always, fine examples of every form of camera technique and subject. The exhibition will close on October 23. Visiting hours are 10 to 5 daily, and on three Sundays, September 12, 26, and October 10, it will be open between 2 and 5 o'clock.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. T. BAKER, A.R.P.S.

"THE LAGOON."

Southern seas, hot sun, tropical foliage are suggested by this cleverly-arranged fantasy photograph of glass girls in a swimming interlude, and the photographer achieves an unusual sense of reality which is both nostalgic and tantalising. It is on view at the R.P.S. Exhibition.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY E. HEIMANN, F.R.P.S.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS WITH MARIA MONTEZ.

MARIA MONTEZ, *who scored a success as a desert charmer in "Arabian Nights," transfers to the South Seas in her new picture,* "WHITE CAPTIVE," *Universal Technicolor, which was due at the Leicester Square Theatre on September 3. She plays the part of the Island Princess Tahia, who is in love with shark-hunter Kaloe. A tangled skein of jealousy, theft and murder has to be unravelled before the young couple are united. A bathing-pool set with jewels beneath the water is one of Tahia's prized possessions ; and in our top photograph she is displaying it to Kaloe. Sabu is also in the cast.*

SUBALTERN MARY CHURCHILL *talking to C.W.A.C. drivers from the special train observation platform. When in the States she inspected units of the W.A.C.*

MAE CRAVEN, BEATRICE LILLIE, KAY YOUNG, VIVIEN LEIGH *and* DOROTHY DICKSO *at Sandy Bay, Gibraltar, during a few days' break in their "Spring Party" tour North Africa, Cairo and Malta.*

MADAME MAISKY, *wife of the Soviet Ambassador, now Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs,* LORD ILIFFE *and* LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *wife of the Supreme Commander in S.E. Asia.*

JOHN DEVLIN, *chief stoker on a Briti warship, visited Warner Bros. Studi when on leave in California. He with* ANN SHERIDAN, *who is in costu for "Shine On, Harvest Moon."*

A.T.S. GIRLS *must be expert at aircraft recognition before they can take their places in the front line of the A.-A. Defences. The officer on the left is pointing out distinctive features of various machines.*

CAPTAIN A. CARRICK SMITH, R.A., *elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Carrick Smi married* MISS LINDSEY ELEANOR FURNEAUX, *daughter of Colonel and Mrs. C. Furneaux, of Fingringhoe Hall, Colchester, at the King's Chapel of the Sav*

WORK, ROMANCE AND A HERO'S WIFE

IRS. ELSIE E. KENNEALLY'S *machine was hung with flags by her fellow factory workers in honour of the Victoria Cross conferred on her husband, L/Cpl. J. P. Kenneally, Irish Guards.*

THE R.A.F. PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE UNITS *do immensely important and dangerous work. These six men are sprawled over a huge built-up "mosaic" map of R.A.F.P.R. photographs, marking special points.*

BARONESS ANNE MARIE WINTER-STEIN-GILLESPIE, *daughter of the late Major-General Baron R. Slatin Pasha, is engaged to Prince George Galitzine, Welsh Guards, son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine.*

MISS J. M. HOPE, W.R.N.S., *is the only daughter of Captain L. N. Hope, of Whitney Court, Hereford. She has just come of age. Before the war she acted as whip to her father's private pack of foxhounds.*

APTAIN EDWARD O'BRIEN, *Parachute Regiment, younger son of the Hon. Mrs. Murrough O'Brien, married* MISS ELIZABETH ACLAND, *eldest daughter of Sir William Acland, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street.*

MISS BETTY BOTLING *is a Land Girl who works in Sussex. She wears shorts when driving the binder. Over 600 acres of derelict downland have been ploughed up and are yielding good crops.*

OPICAL SCRAPBOOK OF PERSONALITIES.

"Hands off, please!" The Opening Chorus of "This is the Gen," at the Phœnix Theatre.

"An Airman's Dream": The Fair[y] Q A/C. Plonk (L.A.C. JAN SMITS a

THE R.A.F. MAKES AN INTRUDER VISIT TO LONDON: "THIS IS THE GEN."

CORPORAL JAY DAVIES as *Mrs. Smithers, in a comedy number.*

L.A.C.W. DAISY SHARPE *as the Singer, with members of the Beauty Chorus, in "Ding, Dong, It's Love."*

Musical interlude: A/C. GEOFF PARKES, L.A.C.W. MARY RIDDELL *and* L.A.C. JAN SMITS.

Washing Day in the W.A.A.F.: The Girls as the W.A.A.F., with the two comedians, L.A.C. JAN SMITS *and* CORPORAL JAY DAVIES, *as the Awkward Squad.*

Queen (F/O. MAIMIE WILLIS) with
nd the F/Sgt. (A/C. GEOFF PARKES).

"Ding, Dong, It's Love!" L.A.C.W. IRENE CUTTER *and* L.A.C.W. DAISY SHARPE *as the Boy and the Singer, with the Girls.*

The dancers in "I'll Write a Love Song": L.A.C.W. SYLVIA MACLARDIE *and* L.A.C.W. IRENE CUTTER.

The leading lady of the show: L.A.C.W. IRENE CUTTER *puts the final touches to her make-up.*

"THIS IS THE GEN," an R.A.F. FIGHTER STATION'S REVUE, made an Intruder Visit to London last week for five days only at the Phœnix Theatre in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and Service Charities. The show was written and produced by Flying Officer Cecil Landeau, and all the members of the cast are members of the R.A.F. or W.A.A.F. On these pages we give some photographs of these talented youngsters in a few of their clever and well-contrasted numbers.

The Beauty Chorus: They are L.A.C.W.s M. Cunningham, G. Evans, D. Martin, S. Maclardie, M. Riddell, Helen Sunderland, A. Talbot, L. Wharry, B. Wickham.

"Classical Moments": L.A.C.W. B. TREGARTHEN, *W.A.A.F. and Royal College of Music student.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

COMPARED with a picture, a frame is a mechanical thing, owing something indeed to art, but not much, a reach-me-down adjunct which the painter perhaps spends a few minutes over choosing, but not more. It is not made, as a rule, for a special picture: it is made for any picture. Yet few would deny that a picture looks better in a frame, however unsuitable, than without one. And this is still true even if the frame is so large, elaborate or heavy that it tends to distract attention from the picture itself. A plot is more integral to a novel than a frame is to a picture; the analogy is too loose to make a basis for argument. A plot is an element, albeit a humble element, in the design of a novel, and however conventional and mechanical, cannot be detached from it.

Too Much Plot. Mrs. Norah Lofts' latest novel, "Michael and All Angels," is bound—and I think muscle-bound—by an elaborate and rather inelastic plot, which is at once an advantage and a disadvantage: an advantage because it makes the story more effective, exciting and complete; a disadvantage because it handicaps freedom of characterisation, and achieves symmetry at the expense of probability. The whole action takes twenty-four hours, and the scene is laid, with one or two glimpses of the high road outside, in an East Anglian inn, the Fleece, in the second decade of last century; so that the unities of time and place are almost flawlessly preserved. A deceptively quiet opening is followed by catastrophic events in the lives of many people. The innkeeper, his two daughters, two maid-servants of the domestic staff, two visitors to the inn, the stableman and the son of the neighbouring squire, all find their lives fundamentally changed by the night's happenings. Those happenings culminate in murder—a murder planned by two people independently of each other and carried out by one of them with the ingenuity and generalship which marks the conduct of the whole story. One cannot regret the murderee: he is a blackmailer and the lowest type of rascal; but it is yet another instance of the tendency in modern novels for private persons to take the law into their own hands and "get away" with it.

Amid all this turmoil of birth, death, highway robbery and attempted seduction, the softer notes with which the story starts presently become almost inaudible—not quite inaudible, for Mrs. Lofts is too good a novelist to let them quite die away. But our interest perforce shifts from the consideration of what the characters are to what they do and have done to them—a pity, in a way. Will, the innkeeper, is a more interesting human being, I think, performing, not altogether successfully, the duties of his calling, than when the black shadow emerges from his past life demanding exorcism by violence. Similarly, Harriet is more interesting as his daughter and the mainstay of the management of the inn than when she is found not to be his daughter, and is studying for the rôle of Jael. A human being is seldom most like himself when being put through his paces; all the characters in this story are put through their paces and in the process lose some of their human interest. Had the sensational developments been cut down by half I think that "Michael and All Angels" would have been a better book. But it is clever, absorbing and unusual, and that is saying much.

Nearly Full Circle. The title of Miss Margery Maitland Davidson's new story does not lead us to expect much in the way of plot. "The Music Goes Round": we imagine we shall find ourselves back at the point we started from, and this almost happens, but not quite. Sylvia, the heroine, now in her middle twenties, is conservative by nature, loyal to her own past, and a servant, almost a slave, to duty. The symbol of duty is her mother, an invalid, strongly possessive but not so possessive as to be unreal. For her mother's sake Sylvia several times breaks cherished engagements with her young man, the lively, egotistic, volatile Terry. He gets impatient and marries someone else. But Sylvia does not lack for suitors; and meanwhile tragedy enters the story: Sylvia's brother, torn between his hard, rich, sophisticated wife and his baby's blue-eyed nurse, crashes, not unwillingly perhaps, in an aeroplane. The baby is left for Sylvia to look after. Will she, perhaps, become another symbol of duty? Sylvia's new young man is not of a type to sweep her off her feet—although all the men, including Cyril the buffoon, are in some degree ladies' men. As time goes on, experience enables her to see them more clearly, and when the final test comes, to choose with her head as well as with her heart.

Ladies' Men. Unusually subtle and mature, Miss Davidson's presentation and analysis of character keeps us continually interested. As often happens, the characters that are drawn most in the round are also the least distinct: Terry is shadowy beside Cyril, or even beside Lewis. The women are alarmingly perceptive of each other's moods and unspoken thoughts: their understanding often outruns their sympathy, though we get the impression that Sylvia was genuinely attached to her mother. Miss Davidson does not ignore wider issues than those involved in the personal relationships of her characters. The war, with all its prelude of spiritual unrest, is imminent, and her analysis of its effect on Sylvia's circle and on people in general, is always sensitive and sometimes profound. Her story is a little lacking in stability of structure and steadiness of viewpoint: but it is the work of an intelligent and perceptive mind.

Evacuees With a Difference. "Three for Cordelia" is not just another story about evacuees of the type with which we are familiar, with the author prejudiced either in favour of the exiles or their host. The three little town-dwellers who make their home with Mr. and Mrs. Kinross, on the latter's farm in the Highlands, become part of the establishment: and if Miss Maclean shows no favouritism between those who give hospitality and those who receive it, it is because the line of demarcation on which favouritism might be founded did not exist. The household was like one family; and it continued to be one family even after the addition of a fourth evacuee, a high-spirited, pugnacious, not to say tiresome, little boy from London. Some of the scenes are really delightful. The narrator, a friend of the farmer's wife and well versed in English literature (which makes her misquotation of Webster all the more sad), tells the boys the story of Troilus and Cressida—not a story, one would have thought, to appeal to children. But it does, and their partisanship and their comments, so childlike and yet so discerning, make a delicious passage. Charming, too, are the confirmation classes. One has heard that Scottish children have lost some of their zeal for education, but it does not seem so here.

Stories about Scottish youth are apt to be either rather brutal or rather sentimental, according as the writer follows the tradition of George Douglas or the "Kailyard" school. If "Three for Cordelia" inclines in either direction, it is, I suppose, to the latter: she likes to think of people being happy and generally describes them so. There are shadows: the misdemeanours of the evacuees, the troubles of the farmer with his harvest; but on the whole this is a sunshiny book in which the war is only present as a spur to action. There are times when one finds the author's resolute cheerfulness of outlook somewhat automatic and irritating; but immediately one is disarmed by her unself-consciousness and her simplicity. Simplicity is one of the rarest qualities in modern fiction: it seems to come naturally to Miss Maclean.

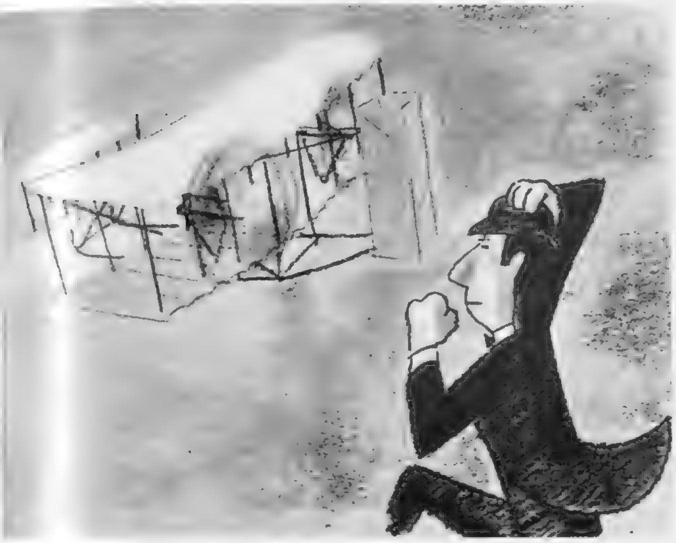
In his last week's broadcast from the Citadel, Quebec, Mr. Churchill referred to ACTING VICE-ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., A.D.C., *Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, as "a complete triphibian, that is to say, a creature equally at home in three elements—earth, air and water—and also well accustomed to fire." Lord Louis, who will shortly take up his new command, is to act in constant association with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.*

A Siamese Cat. Mr. Michael Joseph acquired his Siamese cat, named rather incongruously Charles O'Malley, in a fit of pique, because his one-time reigning favourite, Minna Minna Mowbray, had taken to neglecting him, preferring the kitchen to the drawing-room. Competition with the kitchen is one that many cat-lovers, or felinophiles, as Mr. Joseph calls them, have to face: and in my experience the kitchen generally wins. Most cats have to be wooed continuously by their owners. There is one who kisses, as the proverb says, and one who offers the cheek—and that one is usually the cat. We must not complain, for independence is essential to their natures. Charles, however, was much more demonstrative and forthcoming than most cats, and in the thirteen years of their friendship he seems to have given Mr. Joseph as much affection as he got, which is saying a good deal. His early years were spent in London: when the war came, he was evacuated to the country, and during his master's (Mr. Joseph claims this title with some diffidence) period of military service he followed the drum, eventually winning the heart of the dog-loving sergeant-major. He wins our hearts too. Described by his biographer without undue anthropomorphism, but equally without cold scientific detachment, and illustrated by studio portraits and others, Charles emerges as a personality of much charm and no little strength, full of well-observed and amiable traits of which clumsiness in the chase, and timidity in the battlefield, are not the least endearing. The book is extremely well written.

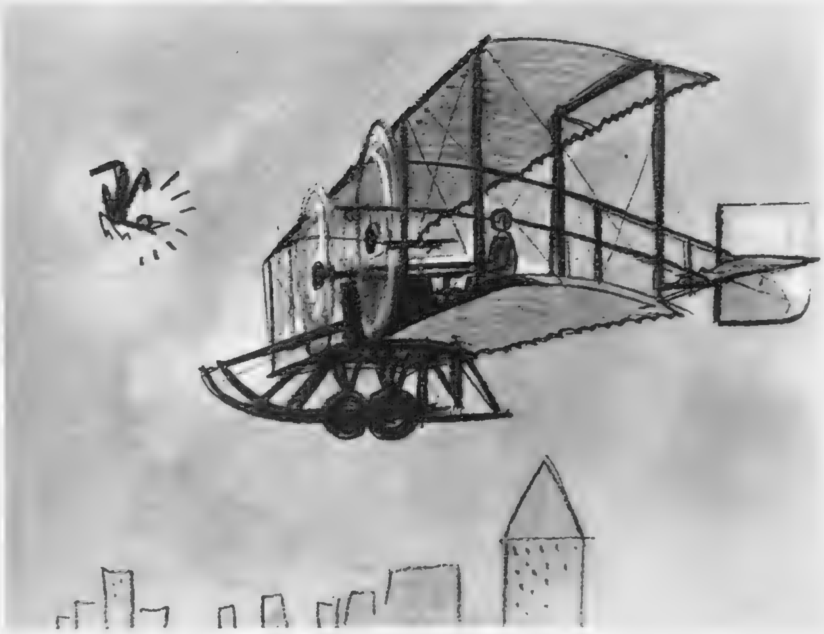
BOOKS REVIEWED.

Michael and All Angels. By Norah Lofts. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
The Music Goes Round. By Margery Maitland Davidson. (*Duckworth; 8s. 6d.*)
Three for Cordelia. By Catherine Macdonald Maclean. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Charles. The Story of a Friendship. By Michael Joseph. (*Michael Joseph; 5s.*)

SEVERSKY'S BOOK GOES DISNEY IN TECHNICOLOR: "VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER."



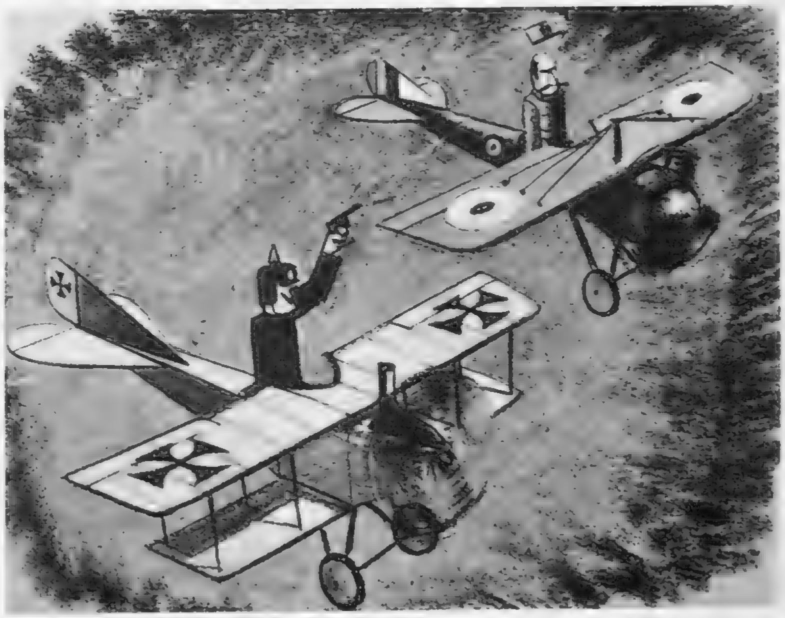
The brothers Wright built the first heavier-than-air machine which, in December 1903, rose from the slipway at Dayton, Ohio. Our startled Mr. Wright had to run to keep up with it.



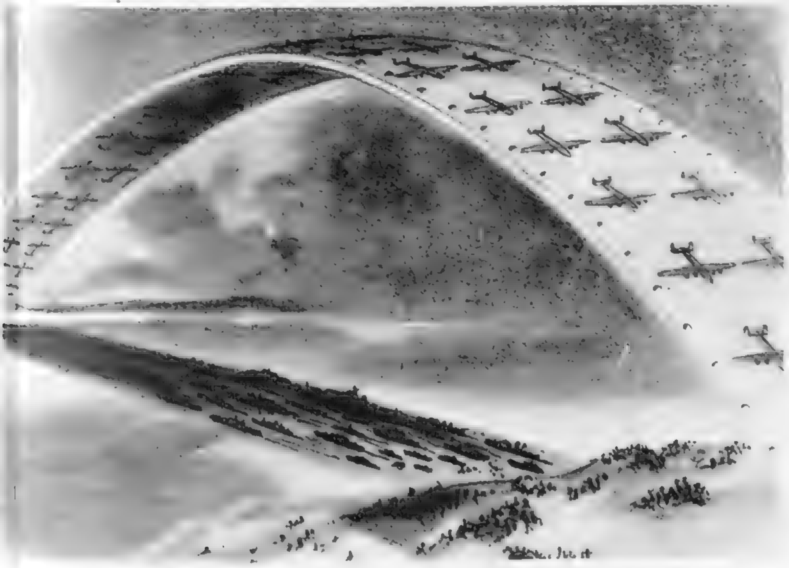
Amazed crows hurl insults at this large, clumsy monster which impertinently disputes with the birds their right of air-way.

Progress! During the 1914-1918 war, pilots were able to drop 25-lb. bombs on the enemy, by hand. The armoured bomber was still in the lap of the gods.

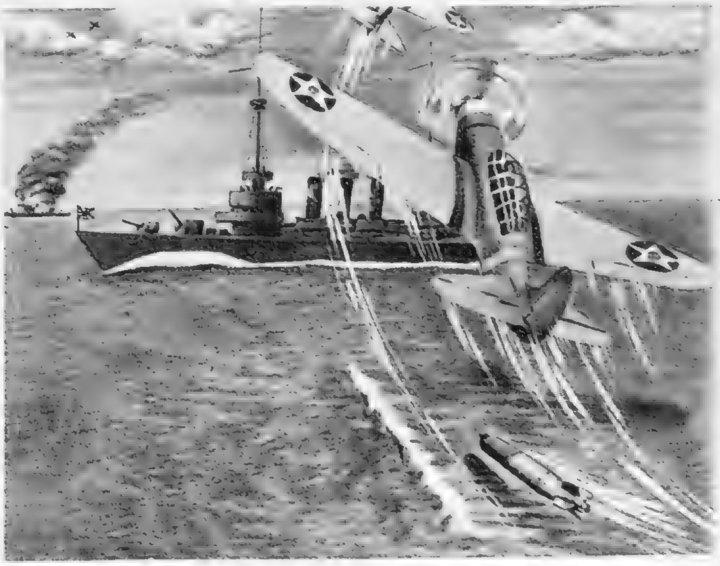
ON September 12 "Victory Through Air Power" opens at the New Gallery. Walt Disney's genius translates Major Seversky's best-seller into terms of the screen, showing the birth and development of the aeroplane and its power. The history is told simply and realistically; in some scenes Major Seversky himself appears and explains his views on air power and war strategy. Wonderful vistas of sea and sky suddenly become battlefields. Air and naval units clash in conflict. All in Technicolor, charged with that magic of which Disney alone has the secret. A United Artists' release.



As the war lengthened the aeroplane acquired armour, and Allied and German pilots used revolvers, and knocked each others' hats off. The dog-fight, in fact, made its début!



The idea of the air umbrella appears like this to Walt Disney—a symbolic picture of the Dunkirk epic, where local air supremacy made evacuation possible.



And now the sea is dominated from the air; the torpedo bomber finds its target. Distance is no deterrent; countries have no boundaries.

FLIGHT OF THE SAUSAGE.

By F. G. TURNBULL.

YALAK, the herring gull, lit heavily on a rock at the tideline and filled the air with cries of lamentation. He had lost it—that entrancing arc of offal, that succulent sausage. And after all the effort it had cost him to acquire it, from that stubborn and elusive little wretch of a jackdaw, Jing. . . .

He had seen Jing presented with the sausage (from which the warm pink flush of wholesome youth had fled) by his fisherman pal at the little stone hut along the shore there; had waylaid him, had forced him after a hectic chase to drop his prize in the sea.

Yalak had half-drowned himself to salvage the sausage—to salvage it at the very moment when Loa, the black-backed gull (the great hulking thief!), arrived to see what all the fuss was about. And there was Loa now, perched on an offshore rock with the sausage at his feet, eyeing it, despite its authentic odour, dubiously and in complete mystification.

Suddenly, to Yalak's surprise, Loa snatched up the sausage, bolted it, and fled from his perch. He was no sooner in flight than over the rock and after him sped a big brown, gull-like bird with a sinister hook to its beak. There went the super-plunderer, the professional buccaneer—the pirate from Hermaness. He shrilled his name, his battle-cry, as he flew; hurled it like a shot across the black-back's bows: *Skua!* he rasped. *Skua! Skua!*

On the tideline rock Yalak, the herring gull, danced excitedly. He knew the skua, knew his methods, had seen him in pursuit of other gulls, following them over the wave-tops with terrifying persistency, driving them up to the highest heavens, hounding them to distraction, forcing them to forfeit the contents of their crops that the nerve-racking chase might end. Here would old Loa taste the medicine he administered to others—the emetic of remorseless pursuit. It would shake him up. Soon the vanished sausage would come to light again in all its bewitching symmetry, its plump and seductive curves.

Out from his perch, with hope reborn, Yalak leapt, thrashed his long, thin pinions and hastened away to join in the chase. Ahead, the fleet skua overhauled his quarry, and Yalak urged his wings to yet swifter beating when he saw Loa swaying and banking frantically above the inshore reefs, striving to elude the brown-winged pirate.

Still the skua stuck to the black-back, following his erratic flight as though towed on a string. Loa uttered a deep cry of rage, then, changing his tactics, he began to climb. Up and up, just beyond the cliffs, he spiralled, crowding sail desperately. *Skua! Skua!* screeched his pursuer, commanding him to jettison his cargo. *Ka-wo!* the black-back hooted defiantly.

Below them Yalak was circling now, rising in their wake, flapping hard to keep pace. Higher and higher he climbed, and had reached the level of the cliff-head when, heralded by a deep and guttural croak, a complication arose—arose on great sooty pinions from the rocks. Here came another blight on the lives of lesser beings, the raven of Raven's Point, a wily old tough, proficient in every conceivable form of villainy.

He had butted into hunts of this kind before, and once or twice had tasted success, had nobbled the booty. Nor would he permit opposition to cramp his style now. He turned his black and ominous gaze on Yalak. *Kronk!* he barked, meaning "Git!" *Ka-ka-ka!* replied the herring gull, threateningly. *Kronk!* swore the raven, and hurled himself at the gull. Yalak screeched in alarm, slapped his wings shut, dropped 50 ft., and the raven left it at that.

Bewailing his loss of altitude, Yalak resumed his spiralling, with a watchful eye on the old black bandit overhead. Away above the raven he saw Loa striving with all the power in his pinions to outfly his pursuer. But the swift skua, still with breath to spare to sound his tribal "Yoicks!" at every yard or two, clung tenaciously to his quarry.

Loa was equally obstinate; his black-topped pinions gulped the air and swept it back, as though they were tireless. Further and further the sea and shore fell away beneath him. Now and then he glanced back, and at every view of the skua his wrath increased, and from every surge of feeling he seemed to draw an accession of strength to his wings. Up and up and still up he went. He would hoist himself through the stratosphere before he would yield his booty to that pestiferous bird.

At an altitude of 2,000 ft. Loa's spirit could still express itself in a deep *Ka-wo!* of defiance; 500 ft. higher, and his voice spoke for his aching wings in a gasping *Ka-o!* of protest; 50 ft. more, and he was past all remonstrance, his spirit flagged, his spirals flattened, his laboured wing-beats slowed.

Presently he no longer flew, but just walloped and wallowed around. Then, at last, out of sheer exhaustion, he surrendered. His beak gaped, his body heaved in a quick convulsion; and there, restored once more to the cool sea breezes, was the veteran sausage.

Down it came, end over end, and after it with a triumphant cry swooped the pirate from Hermaness. Then, for the first time, he saw the raven. *Skua!* he called in warning; then he called it again, this time with an edge of menace. And yet again he screeched it out, a rasping, tearing *Skua!* of blazing fury. For with artistic precision the raven had trapped the sausage in his mighty beak, and was away, plunging seaward in a dive intended to carry him ahead of pursuit to some niche in the cliffs.

And here the raven's troubles began. As deftly as he had intercepted the sausage, Yalak, the herring gull, intercepted him. *Kronk!* the raven choked, and lightning seemed to leap in his eyes. He braked hard to avoid a collision, and the infuriated skua was on his tail. The black bandit somersaulted, shied off, and in the same instant, with a whoop of pinions and a terrible cry of rage, Loa, the black-back, fell on him.

For once the raven of Raven's Point was in a jam. He hurled himself right, he hurled himself left, he flew head first, tail first, and slithered sideways. He attempted vindictively to ram the herring gull from astern; he lunged savagely at the black-back with his 4-in. bludgeon beak, sausage and all; he tried to kick the skua's head off; he tried out every trick and manœuvre he had learned in his long and infamous career.

Had he gone to battle with a chunk of his native rock the raven's efforts could not have had less effect. The skua and the gulls were remorseless. Together they headed him off from the cliffs and drove him in frantic, zigzag flight up the bay, over the tideline, then crowded him down toward the shingle. The raven croaked devastating threats and every one of the many appalling oaths he knew. Even they had no effect. Lower and lower he was hustled, until, with a final explosive curse on all the gulls that ever flew, he dropped the plunder.

In line abreast Yalak, Loa and the piratical skua plunged headlong after the falling sausage. Suddenly they checked their fall, for there, just twenty yards away, was the little hut; and the man was at the door. Together the black-back and the skua sheered off and swung out over the sea, crying their resentment. But the bolder Yalak hesitated for just a moment. Then down he went alone.

He lit beside the sausage on the shingle and peered at it approvingly, despite its slightly wilted air. Then he turned to look defiantly at the frustrated pair out beyond the tideline. *Ki-ow! Ki-ow! Ki-ow!* he was calling, in triumph and challenge, when a sudden guffaw from the man startled him. He whipped round, opening his beak to snatch. But the sausage was gone.

He glimpsed it yet again before he filled the air once more with lamentation. It was dangling tantalisingly at the entrance to a crevice in the rocks behind the hut—dangling in the beak of that stubborn and elusive little wretch, the jackdaw Jing.

THE END.

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The closing years of the eighteenth century —when the House of Schweppes was founded—witnessed the great campaign of Wilberforce and Pitt, to abolish slavery. Suffering many defeats, it was not until after Pitt's death that Wilberforce found a somewhat unexpected ally in Charles James Fox, who is here depicted making an eloquent appeal to the House of Commons that the Bill abolishing slavery be passed, as it was eventually in 1807.

Then, the British people shewed a lively regard for justice, even as now they are making sacrifices to free an enslaved Europe. To this end Schweppes join with others in losing their identity until the United Nations have restored peace and freedom to the world.

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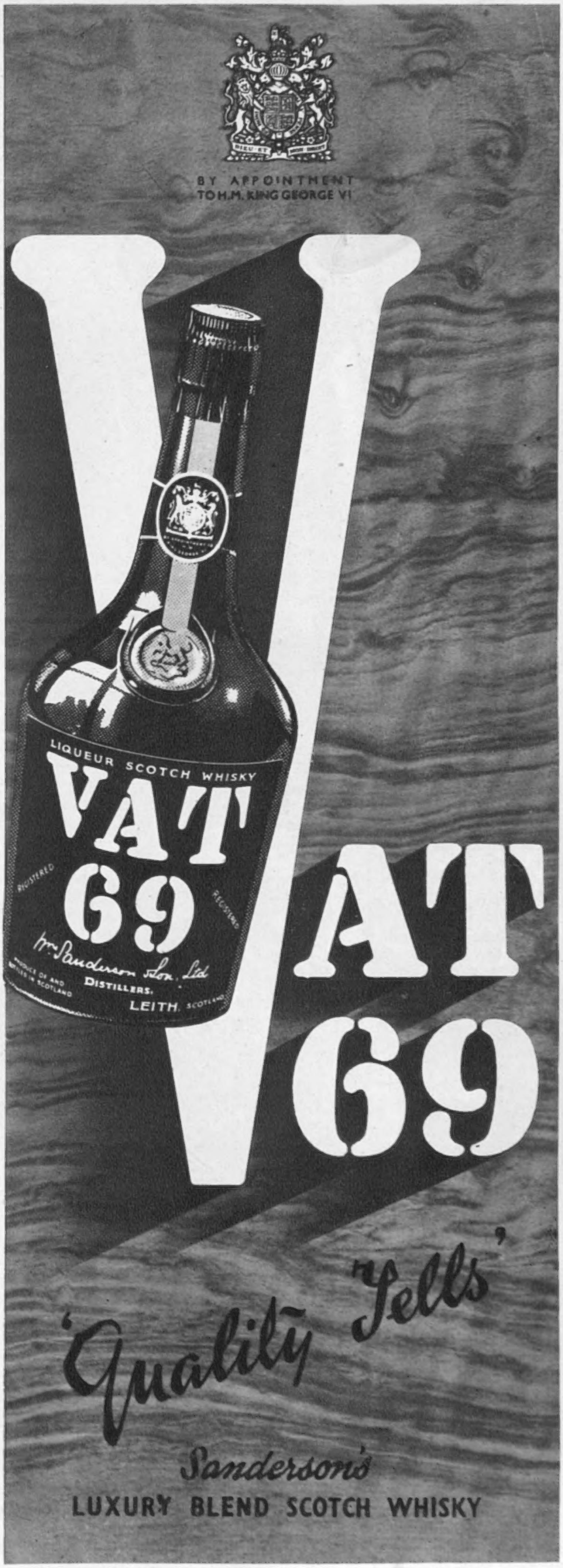

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THERE is always something different about the creations of Rima (Bruton Street). They may be seen at high-class outfitters. The suit on the right is arranged with a very becoming modified corselet skirt, the blouse portion being of a contrasting colour. The coat is worthy of careful study.

ALL who are interested in clothes will wish to possess the pyjamas portrayed above, as although decorative, they wash well. They are primarily destined for the trousseau, and are carried out in a soft material in a variety of colours. They have gone into residence at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. They really are intended for personal shoppers and are moderate in price. A few words must be said about the pyjamas intended for women in the Services, as they are made of warm, hard-wearing fabrics. Generally speaking, the sleeves are short and the necks rounded.

NOWADAYS simple lines are all-important, and it is in this respect that Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, excel. The fancy lamé dress pictured above is an admirable exponent of their skill. It is available in other fabrics. They have delightful frocks that are just right for the bride's attendant at an informal wedding.

THE majority of women are now replenishing their wardrobes, as the new coupon books have been issued. They are taking the matter seriously, choosing necessities, frivolities being left severely alone. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are responsible for the tweed tailored coat portrayed here. The material is the best procurable, the colour scheme being non-committal. It is pleasant news that the needs of those who are not so slender as they would like to be have been considered.

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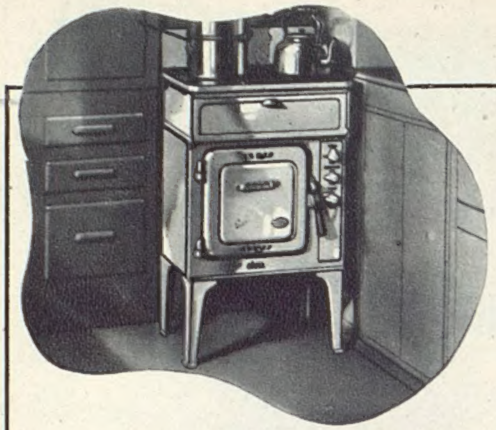

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